

PANIC AT SCHOOL FIRE THREAT BY KIDNAPPER

WEATHER—Rain to-night and Thursday; warmer.

FINAL RESULTS EDITION

The

EVENING EDITION

World

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FINAL RESULTS EDITION
GREEN EDITION

DETECTIVE IN FURY TRIES TO KILL FOUR

Beats Them in Store, Again
in Patrol Wagon and at
Station Desk.

SORRY HE HAD NO GUN.

Witness of Vicious Attack
Tells Magistrate Brother
Officers Looked On.

Robert Beck, a detective attached to the Harlem Branch of the Central Office, became uproariously drunk this afternoon, and made an earnest attempt to kill four Chinamen in a laundry owned by Jim Kee, at No. 233 Eighth avenue.

By ——— said Beck several times to other policemen, "If I had my gun, there would have been a couple of dead Chinamen in that laundry."

Eyewitnesses agree that Beck told the truth. The lack of a revolver was all that kept him from killing one or more of the Chinamen. In the melee in the laundry Beck was struck on the back of the head with a flatiron. For this he preferred charges of felonious assault against all four of his victims, and they were taken from the station-house to Harlem Court.

Grand Juror a Witness.

But the police court proceedings were not as one-sided as the happenings in the station-house. A business man, who is a member of the Grand Jury and witnessed the whole affair, told Magistrate House that the conduct of the policeman, who was in plain clothes and wore his shield concealed, was brutal in the extreme. Other witnesses volunteered information along the same lines.

Jim Kee's laundry is near One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. It is under the management of Louis Ock, fifty-six years old. Ock has three young assistants, Louis, Tony, Louis, and Louis. A customer came into a dispute with Ock, shortly after noon, and Ock ran out to find a policeman.

At that time Beck, so drunk that he was unsteady on his feet, was standing at a bar at the southwest corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Eighth avenue. Ock entered and asked the bartender if he knew where a policeman could be found. Beck remarked:

"What does the ——— of a Chinaman want with an officer?"

Knocked Old Man Down.
The wise old Chinaman, seeing Beck's condition and not knowing he was a policeman, ran back to the laundry. Beck followed. Entering the laundry, he hit Ock and knocked him down. The other Chinamen promptly went to the rescue of their manager.

Bicycle Policeman O'Keefe and Sergt. Scully, attracted by the excitement, entered the laundry. They were soon joined by two other policemen. These four stood inactive while Beck slugged the Chinamen at will. The presence of the bluecoats rendered the Chinamen powerless and they offered no resistance to Beck's attacks.

Sergeant Scully went to the corner and sent in a call for the patrol wagon and the reserves. Beck got into the patrol wagon with the prisoners, and slugged poor old Ock all the way to the station house, frequently voicing his sincere regret that he was unequipped with a revolver so that he might do murder.

When the Chinamen were lined up before the desk at the station house, they were a badly battered quartet. Two of them had black eyes. Ock was covered with blood. Beck was bleeding from a scalp wound in the back of the head. When the charge of felonious assault had been preferred—Beck charging that the Chinamen had slugged him with an iron bar—Lieut. McDermott ordered that the prisoners be searched.

Beck walked up to Louis Ock and handed him a fift on these law. The old Chinaman cried out in terror and pain.

"Cut that out, Beck!" commanded Lieut. McDermott. "Keep your hands off these prisoners."

Capt. Carson had been advised of the matter and he summoned Beck into his private room for an interview with Inspector Thompson. A well-dressed man then stepped up to the desk and said: "Lieutenant, I want to protest against this proceeding. The policeman is the one who should be locked up. I saw

How Col. Roosevelt Looks on Iron Broncho Aboard Ship



ROOSEVELT GALLOPS ON AUTOMATIC HORSE

Takes Violent Exercise in the Gymnasium
Aboard the Hamburg and Cheers Up
Seasick Fellow Passengers.

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(Special Wireless Despatch From an Evening World Staff Correspondent.)
ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP HAMBURG, via SIASCONSET, Mass., March 24, P. M.—Col. Roosevelt is leading the simple (Rooseveltian simple) life on shipboard.

Before breakfast he paces the deck one hundred times. He eats only two meals a day. He has not been seasick an instant. He takes a kindly interest in the other passengers who are less fortunate, stopping at their chairs and uttering a few snappy sentences to cheer them up.

When not on deck or busily writing in his stateroom the ex-President is in the gymnasium. He rides the automatic, steel-gear bucking bronco with enthusiasm. When the metal sprockets of the machine become hot he gets off and indulges in weight lifting and a few simple manoeuvres on the flying rings.

When the ship reaches Gibraltar Mr. Roosevelt will make an unofficial visit to the fortifications.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP HAMBURG, AT SEA, March 24—10 A. M.—by wireless telegraph to Siasconset, Mass.—The weather continues fairly pleasant. The sea is quite smooth, but there is a cold head wind blowing. Only a very few of the passengers show any signs of seasickness.

All the members of the Roosevelt party are well.
Mr. Roosevelt spent two hours in his stateroom after dinner last night discussing plans for the expedition in Africa. This morning, after breakfast, Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit promenaded the decks.

bound tracks. Shortly after noon, car No. 214, in charge of Motorman Martin Kane, of No. 200 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, was going east at a lively rate. On the west-bound track was a car in charge of Motorman William Johnson. As the east-bound car neared the switch, Kane shut off the power, thinking that the switch was turned properly. Instead the car swung into the switch and before he could apply the brakes and reverse the power, the car struck the west-bound tracks and crashed into the standing car.

Both motormen were thrown to the street. There were only a few passengers in the cars, and these were thrown to the floor. Nearly every window in the two cars was broken, but the passengers luckily escaped being cut by flying glass. The motormen lay stunned for a few seconds, but they were not injured. The front of each car was smashed and the windows wrecked. The two cars were shoved away to the car barns immediately after the accident.

Near First avenue is a switch which is used to transfer the cars coming from the west side to return on the west-

TEACHER KILLED BY HER FATHER

Attentions of Friends to Pretty
Anna Mangano Had Made
Parent Jealous.

SHOOTS HER IN STREET.

City Hall Interpreter Then
Tries to Kill Himself, but
Is Overpowered.

Anna Mangano, a young teacher in Public School No. 121, at One Hundred and Second street, near Second avenue, was shot to death a few minutes before 9 o'clock this morning at Third avenue and One Hundred and Third street by her father, Philip Mangano, interpreter in the marriage license bureau in the City Hall. A strange parental jealousy prompted the crime, and the filicide made a desperate effort to take his own life, but was thwarted by a nervous young man who gripped his arm and held it while three bullets ripped through Mangano's hat.

All this was witnessed by a vast throng of school children and the usual swarm of men and women that pour along Third avenue at that hour in the morning.

Miss Teresa Burke, principal of the school where the comely and talented Anna Mangano taught a class of boys, was only twenty feet behind when the father stepped up to the girl and sent a bullet through her brain.

Three priests were on the pavement across the way as the young girl fell, and Father Francis Cummings, of St. Cecilia's Church, brushed through the crowd of screaming school children to the side of the dying girl and pronounced the absolution as she passed away.

Forced to Leave Home.

Outbursts of jealousy had compelled the handsome young woman of twenty-two to leave the home of her father at No. 118 East One Hundred and Ninth street last January and to live in St. Cecilia's Working Girls' Institute, on One Hundred and Sixth street, near Lexington avenue. She did this after her father had threatened her life with a sabre because she refused to go to the opera with him and went to visit a girl friend instead. Mangano was arraigned in the Harlem Court for this on Jan. 12 and warned.

Deserted by his wife, who feared his insane rages, the man brooded alone in his flat. From time to time he wrote incoherent letters to his wife and daughter.

Miss Mangano left the working girls' institute at 8:40 this morning, walking through One Hundred and Sixth street to Park avenue, thence north to One Hundred and Third. She generally walked through One Hundred and Third street toward the school, as many of her pupils lived on the block.

As she approached Third avenue crowds of children flocked along the pavement. Miss Burke was hurrying to catch up with her and there were five of her fellow-teachers just ahead. She did not see her father, who was slinking along in the rear, with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

He Gave No Warning.

Mangano uttered no warning as he stepped up beside his daughter. As she turned her face at the sound of his footstep he thrust the muzzle of a heavy revolver against her temple and fired. The bullet penetrated the brain and the teacher fell.

For an instant the slayer watched the body. Then he lifted the weapon to his own head, but before he could press the trigger, Adolf Schwartz, of No. 177 First avenue, a young man who was hunting through the neighborhood for work, sprang from the doorway of a candy shop and seized the interpreter's arm.

The filicide fought with maniacal strength to throw Schwartz off and succeeded in pulling the trigger of his revolver three times, sending one bullet through the rim of his hat and two through the crown. Schwartz is a powerful young chap, but the struggling Mangano managed to break his grip and dart across the street just as three policemen broke through the screaming crowd and made for him.

Slayer Is Captured.

Sergeant Magliard and Policemen Galsbrech and Matolo got to the slayer

Teacher Killed on Way to School; Father Who Shot Her



FIRE AT PUBLIC SCHOOL IMPERILS FIFTY PUPILS

Mothers of "Kept-Ins" Swarm in Panic About
Doors of No. 20, in the Bronx, as
Children March to Safety.

A fire that started from a match dropped by a smoker in the vacant lot adjoining Public School No. 20, One Hundred and Sixty-seventh and Fox streets, Bronx, late this afternoon, resulted in a panic among the fifty or more girl pupils who were detained as a punishment for various infractions of rules.

The lot is thickly overgrown with grass and weeds, and a wooden fence separates it from the school. The fire spread rapidly and finally the timber partitions caught the flames of the blazing lot.

The fence runs alongside of a cloak-room in the school in which a number of pupils were when the fire started. A girl's scream gave the alarm that rang in the halls of the school house.

Janitor Called Engines.

The janitor, Charles Turner, hastened to a fire-alarm box on the corner, whence he summoned the engines.

Mrs. Mary Curtis, the principal of the school, added the janitor in assisting the girls to escape in good order. Then she seized a small hand grenade and ran into the playground. She dashed the contents of the extinguisher on the blazing fence, burning her hands as she did so.

In the meantime the alarm of fire had spread through the neighborhood and the mothers of the detained children swarmed about the building in a panic. It was necessary to call the police of the Alexander avenue station to keep them back, such was their anxiety.

While Mahady was surrounded by a great mob at Tenth avenue and Forty-fifth street, Motormen of other cars and Michael Fitzgerald, the conductor, went to his rescue. They at length succeeded in getting him onto the front platform of a car ahead of his own. He took charge of this car and ran it to Forty-second street and Lexington avenue, where he was arrested and taken to the West Side Court to be charged with manslaughter.

Meantime the big crowd surged up and down the street threatening the other motormen and conductors and loading. Four ambulances answered the call of the policemen who had brought a trail of excited people behind him.

When the boy was taken to the police station several thousand persons followed the ambulance to the door and stood in the street until word came out that he was dead.

CAR KILLS A BOY; MOTORMAN HAS TO FLEE FOR LIFE

Angry Crowd Seeks to Attack
Him for Running Down
William Mahady.

William Mahady, a six-year-old boy of No. 34 West Forty-fifth street, died today in the West Forty-second street station, where he was taken by Dr. Darnell, the surgeon on an ambulance from Flower Hospital. He was struck by a Tenth avenue car.

Dr. Darnell said to an Evening World reporter that he had not been altogether sure the little fellow was going to die, but that he thought so, and that is why he did not take him to the hospital.

The motorman of the car which hit

KIDNAPPING SCANDAL THREAT BY THE WOMAN HELD IN WHITLA CASE

Helen Foulkner, Mysterious Blonde
Who Confesses Having Stolen the
Boy, Says Her Arrest May In-
volve Prominent Persons.

DEPOSITION AGAINST HER
SUDDENLY DESTROYED.

Whitla Family and Relatives Leave Sharon to
Face the Prisoner in Cleveland—James
Boyle Arrested With Woman,
Says She is His Wife.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SHARON, Pa., March 24.—Important and sensational developments concerning the Whitla kidnapping case and the woman suspect under arrest are expected to occur in Cleveland this afternoon. Departing on the 11:27 A. M. train for the Ohio city were Mr. and Mrs. Whitla, their children, William and Salina; Harry Forker and his son Henry, relatives of Mrs. Whitla, and Detective Ward, of Philadelphia.

It is reported that the woman is personally known to the entire Whitla family, and efforts will be made to have the prosecution stopped. Informations sworn out against her and James Boyle, the man arrested with her, by Police Chief Crain to-day were suddenly destroyed and new informations charging "Mary Doe" and "John Doe" with abduction were substituted. This, it was said, was due to mistakes made in Cleveland.

The woman prisoner declares that her identity not only will cause a surprise in Sharon but that it will reveal a scandal involving prominent persons in this Pennsylvania town.

DIES A SUICIDE LIKE TWO WIVES AND TWO SONS

William Doll Told Landlady
He Was Going the Way
of the Others.

William Doll, a baker, sixty-three years old, committed suicide by gas today in a furnished room he occupied at No. 28 East Seventy-fifth street. He had been dead several hours when found.

Mrs. Bertha Freud, the suicide's landlady, said that he had been out of work for some time and that he told her one day last week that he was going the way of his two wives and his two sons. The baker said that his first wife killed herself with poison, and the second wife took gas. One of his two sons blew out his brains and the other killed himself with gas.

HELD UP STATE AS
KIDNAPPER SUSPECT.

SARATOGA, N. Y., March 24.—A man who gave the name of William Mine and whose personal description, Sheriff Bradley believed, accords with that of one of the kidnapers of Willie Whitla, was arrested this afternoon at Stillwater, on a technical charge of carrying a concealed weapon. Sheriff Bradley for hours the man's actions while in Stillwater and his personal appearance warranted him in keeping the man confined until he had communicated with the authorities at Sharon, Pa.

Sheriff Bradley this afternoon said that the description of the man tallies in every detail with that of one of the Whitla boys' kidnapers.

YOU CAN DYER AN EGG with the Rain-bow Easter Egg Dye Panes given FREE with next SUNDAY'S WORLD. Edition limited. Order in advance.

Used Fictitious Names.
It is said the names used in the two Informations made here today against the Cleveland suspects are fictitious and are being used for the purpose of withholding, as long as possible, the real identity of the woman. The only